

MAY BE PARDONED AFTER FIFTY YEARS

WIFE-MURDERER EXPECTS TO SEE MAR- VELS OF MODERN LIFE.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 16.—John P. Warren, seventy-one years old, who has served half a century of a life sentence of imprisonment for wife murder; who probably, has been immured longer than any other criminal in the world, hopes to emerge from the State Prison at Westfield to-morrow.

Then the State Board of Pardons will act on the appeal for mercy submitted by Warren, "Convict No. 1" in the prison; the grandfather of criminals.

"An old man, Your Honors, who for fifty years, a lifetime, has paid, uncomplainingly the penalty for the crime of his youth."

Warren, a model prisoner, said to-day:

"I expect to get the best Christmas present of all, my pardon."

"You will be born again, Warren," said the correspondent.

"True, born again at seventy-one," said the old man, smiling sadly. "I will go into a new world, not the world I left in 1859. I have read of the new world—if I had not read, read, read, I should be crazy by now. The new world is one of great railroads, of automobiles, telephones, typewriters, skyscrapers, wireless telegraphy, submarine boats and a hundred other wonderful things."

During the long years of his incarceration Warren has never uttered a word about the dreadful crime he committed. In July, 1859, Warren invited his eighteen-year-old wife to take a walk with him, and coming to a brook near their farm in Willington he suggested that they take off their shoes and stockings and head under water until she was dead, waded in the water.

She acquiesced, but once in the brook Warren seized her and held her.

Just what fury or passion animated Warren to commit the deliberate cold blooded and apparently unprovoked and unreasonable crime no one knows. He plead guilty, and to this plea and his counsel's eloquent argument for a second degree sentence Warren owes his life. He was sentenced on the very day on which a notable gathering was held in Hartford of famous Connecticut patriots responsive to a call "to save the Union."

Warren entered Wethersfield prison before the civil war began; of events which have happened since he has learned only from newspapers.

Warren is well preserved, mentally and physically; he looks more like a man of fifty than seventy-one. His remorse has made him most tractable; he enjoys as many privileges as the prison's severe discipline allows.

WAS LONG TRAMP TOO MUCH FOR OLD MAN.

Clarksburg, W. Va., Dec. 17.—George W. Chapman, of Gallipolis, O., a war veteran 75 years old, who, despite his advanced age and partial blindness, started to tramp to his home from Grafton, was aided by the city and by policemen and others who attended police court here. A ticket to Parkersburg was given to him by order of the Mayor and the others contributed a small purse of money to assist him on his way home.

Mr. Chapman had been in Philadelphia undergoing treatment for blindness, with which he was stricken eight years ago. The treatment proved beneficial and the sight of one eye was restored.

His money gave out, after he had paid his expenses in Philadelphia, and there was only enough left to pay for a ticket to Grafton, so he started to walk to Gallipolis from that city. When he arrived in Clarksburg Sunday evening, he applied for lodging at police headquarters, and he was cared for until Monday morning.

The gentleman selected to probe the Milk Trust will no doubt get into deep water.

THE SNAKE AS A HEALER.

A learned physician in Philadelphia makes the suggestion in a medical publication that rattlesnake poison is an excellent remedy for consumption. It may be affirmed with confidence that a person who receives a good dose of this strong medicine, administered by the snake himself, coiled up as a corkscrew, will not die of consumption. Wise men are always discovering use for those things which are popularly deemed useless. Even the uses of adversity are said to be sweet. But snakes have always served a useful purpose. In Maine they have been used to bite persons in order to entitle them to buy a drink of whiskey. Rattlesnake grease is good for many ailments, and rheumatism has been cured by tying a snake skin around the waist. In the rural districts, in times of great drouth, it is customary to kill a snake and hang it on a tree in order to bring rain. This is done cautiously, however, for when certain kinds of snakes are used a violent and destructive storm sometimes follows.

If, indeed, snakes poison can be used to cure consumption, it will afford pleasure to all. Perhaps some good man in Philadelphia will now undertake to discover a use for flies and mosquitoes, and so win the gratitude of mankind, and especially of that large and respectable portion of the human race who, because of high and continuous thinking, have lost the hair of their heads.

A WINTER NIGHT'S THOUGHTS.

Coming home from work this evening I saw a big automobile, carrying six or seven passengers, skidding around on the snow. I never owned an automobile, and I never had the pleasure of scooting around in one when the roads were covered with snow. It may be lots of fun, but I am here to assert that automobiling in the snow, no matter what company you are in, isn't in it for a minute with the old-fashioned bob-sled rides we used to take, years before the automobile was invented. There was fun for you!

Just as soon as there was a good snowfall the word would be passed around that the "gang" would meet at Frank's, May's or Fred's, promptly at 7:30 p. m., Friday evening. We selected Friday evening because there would be no school next day. And then two or three of us would skid around and get the old bob-sled. Remember how we used to put a wagonbox on the bobs, fill the box full of fragrant hay and warm robes, and then attach the best team of horses we could scare up? When all was ready we'd draw cuts to see who would have to make a sacrifice and drive one way, with some other victim to drive back. Then we'd drive up to the meeting place and the whole bunch would pile in, nestling down into the hay and covering over with the warm robes. Then away we'd go, the huge strings of sleighbells making the air ring with their music, while we added to the music of our fresh young voices.

Gee, how we used to sing! Let's see—there was "Steamboat Coming Around the Bend; Goodby, my Lover, Goodby;" and "Gwine ter git a Home in Georgie;" and "Hear Dem Bells;" and "Jingle Bells;" and "Gwine Back ter Dixie;" and—and—, O, we can't recall them all now, but we used to sing them.

And the merry jests, and the quips of jokes! Me, O my! Remember how she snuggled up close? And how fearful we were lest Her hands grew cold! And how solicitous we were that Her nubia, or muffler, or whatever you may call it, was properly found around Her neck!

Huh! We'll bet a cookie that the people who jimmy around in autos this kind of sleighing weather don't begin to have the fun we used to have in the old bob-sled. And we didn't leave a trail of foul-smelling gasoline behind us, either. The only trail we left was a trail of music, and good cheer, and youthful exuberance.—Will M. Maupin in the Commoner.

The United States Supreme Court refused a writ of certiorari to banker Charles W. Morse, and granted an appeal to Samuel Gompers and other labor leaders.

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will the influence of the good, moral, upright, shame evil doers, and eventually give them a yearning for better things and useful industry.

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FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Many heartburnings will be saved if common sense is applied to the Christmas giving and purchasing, says an exchange, which offers the following suggestions:

Buy early and get advantage of the better assortment.

Be cheerful. This is the special season of good will on earth.

Don't scold the sales girl. You could not do as well if you were on her side of the counter.

Patience is one of the graces few persons possess. Try to cultivate it while waiting to be served in the stores.

Don't fly into a passion if a mistake of a nickle is made in your change. See the cashier.

Buy within your means. Get rid of the foolish notion that your friends will think you are mean if you do not send expensive gifts. They are not friends if they think that way.

Many pretty things can be bought for a small sum. Take time to look through the stores. You will be welcomed everywhere and the store folks will go to a lot of trouble to help you in selecting your gifts.

Don't make a display of your money. Pickpockets are on the lookout for such fools.

Don't scold or fret if the crush of the crowd jostles your new hat out of plumb. That is what the crowd is for. But hold on to your purse and tongue.

FAITH IN SANTA CLAUS ALWAYS.

NO SANTA CLAUS! THANK GOD, HE LIVES AND LIVES FOREVER.

Tear down the structure of a child's faith in Santa Claus, wreck his loyalty and love for old "Kris Kringle" and you despoil forever that child's greatest sense of appreciation of the unseeable but beautiful things that go to make of life for all of us, all that is lovely. Some one—foolish, narrow-minded person—tried to destroy the faith of one little child in the beloved Santa, and the child wrote the following missive to the editor of the New York Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my friends say that there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in the Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?"

VIRGINIA O. HANLON.

And the editor of the Sun, mighty man of invective and sarcasm, became "even as a little child," and wrote the following charming reply: "Virginia: Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They will not believe except they see."

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished."

"You might get your papa to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men see. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in this world. You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest that ever lived could ever tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love and romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. It is all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing so real and abiding."

"No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia—nay, ten times ten thousand years from now—he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

PREPARED FOR THE CELEBRATION.

At a flag day celebration one boy, to show good reason why he should take part in the parade said he had a real gun; another had a pistol; a small girl had a flag, and so on. Finally one lad of six came up and stood waiting for the teacher to see him. "Well, what is it?" she asked.

"I has a union suit."

The jet button craze already shows signs of waning.

Paris is offering all sorts of hats except small ones.

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IMAGINATION.

The Way It Can Be Used to Affect a Person's Health.

A nerve specialist of Philadelphia told at a dinner an amusing story of the influence of the imagination on the health.

"A young bank clerk," he said, "feeling fagged from the excessive heat of a trying Philadelphia summer, consulted a physician. The physician questioned him, sounded his lungs and then said gravely: 'I will write you tomorrow.'"

"The next day the bank clerk received a letter from the medical man telling him that his right lung was gone and his heart seriously deranged and advising him to lose no time in putting his affairs in order."

"Of course," the doctor wrote, "you may live for weeks, but you would do well to leave nothing of importance unsettled."

"Naturally the young bank clerk was very much depressed by this sad letter, nothing less than a death warrant. He did not, of course, go to work that morning, and before noon he was having trouble with his respiration, while severe pains shot rapidly through his heart. He did not get up all day, and on toward midnight he had had a sinking spell that caused his people to send post-haste for the doctor."

"The doctor on his arrival was astounded."

"Why," he cried, "there were no symptoms of this sort yesterday! What on earth have you been doing to yourself?"

"The patient's face screwed up with pain; he pressed his hand to his breast and said feebly: 'It's the heart, I suppose, doctor.'"

"The heart?" said the doctor. "There was nothing yesterday the matter with your heart."

"My lungs, then," the patient groaned.

"What ails you?" the doctor shouted. "You don't seem to have been drinking."

"Your letter, doctor—you told me I had only a few weeks to live."

"Nonsense! Are you crazy? I told you to take a month's vacation at the seashore and you'd be as good as new again."

"The patient drew the fateful letter from a drawer beside his bed."

"Well," said the doctor, glancing at it, "this is a pretty mess. This letter was intended for another man. My secretary mixed up the envelopes."

"The patient laughed. He sat up in bed. His recovery was rapid. That night, in fact, he was well again."

"And what," ended the specialist—"what of the dying consumptive who had got this young man's letter? The consumptive, delighted with the prediction that a month at the seashore would make a sound man of him, packed his trunk and took the first train for New England. That was ten years ago, and today he is in fair health."—Los Angeles Times.

Man Faced Crabs.

The world famous man faced crab of Japan is one of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth." Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie—veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs which grow from the top of its head and hang down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs two feelers, each about an inch in length, grow from the chin of the animal. They look for all the world like a forked beard. These man-faced crabs swarm in the inland seas of Japan.—New York Tribune.

His Position.

"Yassah! Yassah! Hol' on a minute, if yo' please, sah! Dese lemme tell yo' how 'tis!" expostulated a colored citizen who was down on his back and being elaborately chastised by a larger and somewhat harder headed gentleman of his own race. "I'll pay yo' de money if yo' puts de argument to me in dis mannah—yassah, pay yo' de money right now, widout no mo' o' dis yuh beatin' and hammerin'. But I want it understood, sah, dat I isn't no ways 'thusiastic 'bout it. I bows to de indelible when I meets it, sah, but I keeps muh 'thusiasm to muhse'f—yassah, keeps it to muhse'f to de bitter end!"—Puck.

A Beautiful Day.

Two Scotchmen were going home very drunk together, and the one said to the other: "Weel, Donald, we've had a beautiful day. But what bothers me is that I canna remember what like the bride was."

"Whist, man," said his friend, "it wisna a marriage: it wis a fun'ral."

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